By Joseph C. Lincoln.

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CHAPTER XII. Miss Sparrow's Diagnosis. and had breakfast-and a mighty good name some of these days." like I done that one, sure all the while | what I did.

the road to getting well again. far as doing work was concerned. did. She'd go through Marcellus' old home like a hurricane, sweeping and dusting and singing. She was 'most always singing-that is, when she wa'n't talkmusic, too, running from hymn tunes leaving." to songs she'd heard the boarders use over at the hotel. One minute 'twould be, "Land Ahead! Its Fruits LAre Waving," and the next meeting somebody "in the shade of the old apple

tree. One day I come in and she was piping up about how everybody in her house worked but her dad, or words to that effect.

"Hello!" says I. "Did you make that up out of your head?"

"No," she says. "It's a new one that Lycurgus heard over to the Old Home house. It sounded so as if 'twas made for our family that it kind of stuck in Lys' craw and he come home and told it to me.

"Everybody works but father, And he sets 'round all day." "I tried it on pa last night," she some, but it didn't. He said 'twas was him.

How Hartley laughed when he heard her singing. She tickled the Twins most to death, anyway. She was as sharp as a whip and as hon et as a Quaker parson. When her first pay day come she set her squared-toed boot down and simply would not take the extry two dollars wages. She said even a hog knew when it had enough, and she wa'n't a hog. Martin told me he was going to make it up to her some other way. The Heavenlies was mighty interested in her; but not more so than and I had some great confabs when are ways.

when we was alone together. She asked don't know how many quesdons about Hartley and Van Brunt; why they was living this way, and how they used to live and all. I told her some of what Lord James had told me, but not the whole. I left out about the engaged business, because I figgered it wa'n't any of her affairs. rightly speaking. Course 'twa'n't none of mine, neither, but somehow I'd get to feel that I was a sort of father to them two cracked New Yorkers.

"Do you think they're crazy?" she asks. "Nate Scudder says they act as if they was." "You've got me," says I. "I ado"

made up my mind yet." "What makes 'em go in swimming

every morning?" she wanted to know "Why, to take a bath, I guess," says 'Van Brunt told me he always

cook his 'plunge' when he was home. She nodded, quick as usual. "Umhum," says she. "I've read about it. They do it in the marble swimming pool in the gardens of the ducal mansion. And there's palm trees around and fountains, and nightingales singing, and music floating on the balmy perfumed air. And when they've got all scrubbed up there's velvet-footed menials to fan 'em and give 'em hasheesh to smoke."

"Want to know!" I says. "What's hasheesh? Plug eut or cigars?" "'Tain't neither," said she. "It's some kind of stuff that makes you

dream about beautiful women and things.' "Well, they don't have that here," says I. "They smoke cigars and cig-

arettes. And I've smoked both of 'em and my dreams was mainly about how much work I had to do. Nightingales are birds, ain't they? We're pretty shy on nightingales over here to Horsefoot, but maybe the gulls make that up. Gulls don't sing, no more than hens, but they screech enough for six. Where did you get all this stuff from, anyway?"

She got it out of library books and the Home Comforter. Seems old Miss Paine, over in the village, lent her the Comforter every week as fast as she got through with it herself. Eureka had never been to the city, nor anywheres further than Eastwich, and her ideas about such things was the queerest mixed-up mess of novel trash and smart boarder's lies that ever was. That, and what she'd read in the newspapers. She said she was going to the city some day when her 'affinity" showed up.

"What's your idea of a first-class affinity?" I asks, looking for information. I didn't know whether 'twas an animal or a cart.

"Well," says she, "he's got to be good-looking and have chests and chests of gold and jewelry. Further than that I ain't made up my mind

She said when she did go she would sew up her money in the waist of her dress and if a confidence man or a trust or a policeman tried to get it away from her, ske bet he'd have trouble on his hands.

"Policeman?" says I. "What would he be doing trying to steal your money? Policemen ain't thieves." "They ain't, hey?" she says. "City Pray don't," says he. "I'm not alto-

She read the police committee trials in a stack of three or four-year-old and not whitewash." newspapers and they'd fixed her, far's

policemen was concerned. She didn't take any steck in Hart- seemed to enjey it first rate. "What alls him," says she, "is Girl." "Girl?" says I.

"Yup. He's in love."

I set back and looked at her. Mind

"Get Cout!" I says, finally. "What a female native in this neighborhood that wouldn't stop a clock--present company excepted, of course.'

"It don't make no difference. He's in love, and he's come here to forget | tions, his troubles. You never read 'False, but Fair; or the Bride Bereft, did Eureka was on hand bright and you? I thought not. Why, East Wellearly the next day and it didn't take mouth is Glory alongside of some me long to see that she was worth her places that young men in love goes to. salt. She took hold like a good one You wait. I'll find out that girl's

breakfast-ready right on time. I She said that Van Bruat wa'n't in don't know when I've enjoyed a meal love; which struck me funny, knowing

that I hadn't got to turn to and wash 'Twa'n't so very long after this that the dishes afterwards. I went out to the Heavenlies and me dreve to South my gardening feeling like a sick man Eastwich to visit the Fresh Air school. who had turned the corner and was on I don't think Hartley would have gene if it hadn't been that his name was And from then on the Natural Life 'specially mentioned in the note from was easy for all of us, for quite a Agnes. Even then Van had to say spell. The new girl was a wonder, so that he wouldn't go unless his ohum

> We left Eureka to keep house. It seemed to suit her first rate.

"You walt till that Scudder man comes," she says to me. "I want to together. I pumped him about the ing. She had a queer program of talk to bim about the milk he's been "What's the matter with it?" I asks.

'Ain't he giving full measure?" "Not of milk he ain't," she says "It's too white to wash with and too blue to drink. I'm going to tell him we've got a pump ourselves."

The Eastwich school was a big old farmhouse' with considerable land fairs, not when she has a competent around it. The youngsters had lots of man to attend to 'em for 'er. Miss Talroom to run and carry on. All hands ford now, she's different. I'd like to was at the door to meet us, Agnes and work for 'er always." Miss Talford and Redny, and all the inmates. The Heavenlies had stopped in the village and got a big freezer full of ice cream-they ordered it sheadand, well, I thought we'd got a warm welcome, but when the children saw that freezer-

The ladies shook hands with us and asked us in. Lord James was there in went on. "Thought it might jar him all his glory. You could see that his new job suited him down to his shoes. funny. Maybe I'd think so, too, if I No hard work, no sailing or such like, good easy bosses and plenty of picking on the side, I judged. I turned the herse and carriage over to him, under protest, and we went into the house.

"First of all, Ed," said the Page girl, turning to Van Brunt, "I want to thank you, on behalf of the children. for your kindness in sending them the fruit. It is delicious, You should see the dears every day when the expressman comes with the basket,"

Van looked puzzled. "Fruit?" he says. "I don't understand. Do you know anything about fruit, skipper?" I pleaded not guilty. Hartley didn't seem to hear. He was busy talking with Miss Talford.

"Why!" says Agness. "Boesn't it come from you? We have been recelv-ing the lovelfest basket of fruit from Boston every morning. I thought of course you had ordered it for Didn't you, really?"

Van shook his head. "It takes a man with the ordinary amount of brains and thoughtfulness to do things like that," he says. "I'm miles below the average in such things. In all but carelessness and general idiocy I'm s bear on the market. Here, Martin! Miss Talford, please excuse him for a moment, will you? Martia, are you responsible for this fruit?"

Hartley was so sunburned that you couldn't have told if he did blush. But

he acted nervous and uneasy. "It was nothing," he said. "I kney the youngsters liked such things, and the stuff you get here isn't eatable. Then James is a success, Miss Talford, you say?"

But he didn't get off quite as easy as that. Agnes looked up surprised and, I thought, pleased.

That you, Mr. Hartley," she said. 'It was kind of you, and very thought

Of course the Talford girl thanked him, too. He acted a good deal like he wished to hadn't come.

But I suess that feeling were off after a while. It seemed to me that Miss Page was considerable pleasanter to him than I'd seen her yet. She talked to him more and there wa'n't so much of that chilly "hands-off" kind of manner in her voice. Two or three times they seemed almost friendly, as you might say, and toward the end of the day Hartley's blueness, that was always with him when she was in sight, had pretty nigh disappeared. He seemed quite happy, for him-not his usual careless, den't-care kind of jol-

One thing that I think Agnes noticed was the way the boy, Redny, stuck to him. You could see that the little chap's idea of a first-class brick was Martin Hartley. And another sure thing was that Redny was the Page girl's favorite. She was always running after him to see what he was doing, that he didn't get hurt, or such like. One time when she'd gone on this kind of an errand, and the Twins and Miss Talford and me was left to-

gether, I spoke up and says: "That small fire top is considerable

on Miss Agnes' mind, ain't he?" Margaret Talford laughed. "He's the apple of her eye," says she. "She fairly worships him. I'm sure I don't know why, for he's the worst mischlefmaker in the school. But Agnes' sympathy seems to run to the black sheep. Van Brunt is engaged to the Page one. Were you a black sheep, Mr. Van Brunt?"

Van shook his head, very solemn, "I was," says he, "but the cleansing in- I, soon's I could get my breath. fluence of the Natural Life has removed the upper coating. You can see that she doesn't find it necessary him get her." to run after me. I flatter myself that ! I'm rapidly becoming-what is it that Well, how about poor Van? What do our new cook sings, skipper? Oh, yes! 'Whiter than snow.' De you notice my | cold for? He ain't done anything to alabaster purity, Miss Talford?" "I hadn't as yet," she says. "I'll call

Agnes' attention to it."

Suppose you keep an eye on the instead, until I'm sure that it is enamel

That was a sample of the talk of them two. Just nonsense, but they

ley's being down our way for his At dinner Van entertained the health. She said she had made up her | crowd, as usual, with stories about the mind what was the matter with him. island and our doings on it. He told how the Ark upset, and 'twas wild enough anyhow, but when he'd finished embroklering It 'twas a regular crazy quilt. Then he begun with Eureka. you I hadn't said one word about He didn't know much about Washy, Agnes Page or the busted engagement. except from the girl's talk, for Hartley nor me hadn't teld much of our exdid he come here for, then? There din't perience. So all he said was that the old man was sick. Agnes Page seemed a good deal interested.

After they'd finished eating she asked me considerable many ques-

"Is he all alone there, the poor sick man?" she asked. "No. no!" says I. "There's children

enough to help out a whole hospital. He's all right." "But those children ought not to nave to stay at home," says she.

"They need the air and exercise and

schooling." "They don't look as if they was wasting away," I told her. "Eureka's as good as a ma to 'em-and better

than a pather pa, anyway."
She seemed to be thinking. "The poor fellow," she says, referring to Washy, I judged. "I must drive over and see him.'

I told her Hartley had promised to help Eureka. She seemed real pleased, Her face kind of lit up. She walked away then and didn't say no more. Lord James and me had our dinuer

girls and how he liked 'em. "They're all right," he says. perfect ladies and as generous and open anded as I could wish."
"Which do you like best?" I asked.

"I 'aven't no choice," he says, "Miss Page is a good 'ousekeeper. Almost too good if I may say it. A lady 'ardn't ought to meddle with 'ousehold af-

"Pity she ain't going to be Mrs. Van Brunt instead of t'other," says I "Then you'd have an easy berth. Don't it seem to you that Miss Page and your boss ain't any teo thick for engaged folks?"

some and harmless.

my thought out loud

the next.

the feminino organism, restoring it

those distressing ills peculiar to their

I thought and thought. And then,

without exactly meaning to, I spoke

I believe I'll help you help him,

She wa'n't a bit supprised. "Humph!

fire with; had to use poverty grass for

that. But now the Natural Life ser

mon laid on the dining room mantel

jast week's quotations. There must

Van looked at him, kind of sad and

"Martin," says be, "are you falling

from grace? Get thee behind me

Satan. Give me that financial sheet.'

Hartley laughed and tossed it over

"There!" says his chum, crumpling i

up and shoving it into his pocket. "That

disturbing influence is out of the way

Let us discuss the simple and satis

fying subject of agriculture. There is

an article on 'The Home Garden' in

this month's number of The Rural

Gentleman, which should be instruc-

tive to our friend Mr. Pratt, plower

of sea and soil. Skipper, lend me your

ears I'll return them shortly." Then he commerced to read that

magazine piece out loud to me, very

solemn, and stopping every once in a while to chuck in some ridiculous ad-

yice on his own account. This had got

to be a regular thing. Every bit of

was done, "is the latest crop bulletin.

we'll have two cornstalks, one to-

really in sight by to-morfew morning.

That is, if the sand don't blow in and

"Good!" he says. "I move that the

report be accepted. Martin, don't let

me see you wasting your time on the

frivolity of the street when there are such serious matters to claim our at-

Which was all right, only that very

afternoon I saw him; himself, out be-

hind the barn, reading that Post fi-

nancial page and looking mighty in-

things than when they first come.

Hartley's health was improving all

the time, and that probably accounted

for his liveliness. I took 'em sailing

'most every day and they wanted to

fish and shoot and the like of that.

They were more anxious to be doing

cover 'em up in the night."

"I have the honor to report," says

was Van's pet joke.

begun to come in the mail.

page." All at once he spoke.

be something duing !

disampointed.

Women who are suffering from

"No, indeed!" says he, scornful to a healthy ment condition, "Lord love you, you'd ought to see some married folks as I've worked for. W'y Bord 'Enry and 'er indyship, hey-"

He was on his English tack now and

E. Piekham's Vegetable Compound

you never could get him off it when he to restore their health. was started good. I didn't get much satisfaction out of him.

I got more a while later, though. Just afore we started for home Hart-



'Is He All Alone There, the Poor Sick Man?"

ey and the Page girl come walking fown the porch together. They wa'n't saying much when I first saw 'em, but all at once she says:

"Mr. Hartley, there is one thing I must ask you. You paid Dennis the five dollar prize he won at the race that day. Did you collect it from the judges?"

"Oh, that's all right," he answers, fidgety. "I think probably I did. I don't remember."

"I thought not," says she. "Now you must permit me to pay it to you. The boy is under my charge and 1 shall insist upon it."

He was pretty short and sharp, I hought. "No, really," he said, "I've for actten the affair entirely. No doubt ing, of course, and the boy was plucky and I took a fancy to him."

She insisted, but be wouldn't give in. At last she says, looking hard at hinas

"I think," she says, "that your sim-ple life is doing a great deal for you. You have improved in many ways. I have fleard things-good thingsabout you that surprised me. very glad."

He didn't answer. Just then the valet brought the carriage up to the door and 'twas time to say good-by. I was pretty tickled with the day's work, take it altogether. Eureka got after me seen as we was back to the island, and she asked a couple of of questions. She wanted to know all about the school and especially about the Page girl and her chum.

"You ain't told me all you know. says she, finally, "Tell the rest of it. What relation is this Agnes Page to Mf. Hartley?"

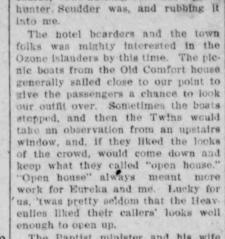
I said she wa'n't no relation. At last, sort of in self-defense. I told the whole varn about the engagement-Van's engagement, I mean. She bobbed her head. "I thought so," says she. "I don't care if Mr.

He ain't in love with her. And Mr. Hartley is." "What are you talking about?" says "Just what I said. He's in love with

Miss Page. And I'm going to help "Humph!" says I. "You be, hev? you want to shove him out into the

you, has he?" She shook her sunbonnet and looked wise. "That's all right," she says. "I've got my ideas about him, golicemen ain't? I guess you ain't read gether certain of its lasting qualities. Anyway I'm going to help Mr. Hart

Once we went on a cruise after shore irds. I bagged a few, but the Twins couldn't hit a flock of balloons with a ennon, so they didn't have no luck. But a little later Van went out alone with Nate Scudder and I'll be blessed if he didn't come back with a dozen peep and ring-necks. Then the way he crowed over me and Martin was scandalous, till, a week later, Hartley himself went gunning with Nate and fetched home 15, bigger and better than his chum's. And after this, of course, 'twas nothing but what a great



LYDIA E. PINKHAM The Baptist minister and his wife No other medicine has been so successful in relieving the suffering came over to call. There was going to be a "lawn fete and sale" at the of women or received so many genwine testimomals as has Lydia E., church pretty soon; and the idea was Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. to get the Twins to "denate" some-In every community you will find thing. Van Brunt was full of his high

women who have been restored to jinks that day, and he took that poor health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Veg- parson and his wife in tow. etable Compound. Almost every one you meet has either been bene- yard. He paraded up and down in fited by it, or has friends who have, front of the coops, pointing out the In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass, any woman any daymay was some kind of freaks, like ossee the files containing over one mil- triches. He said they ate a bag of lion one hundred thousand letters corn a day and laid one egg a week, from women seeking health, and here are the letters in which they worth five dollars or so. What did the openly state over their own signaparson think of a donation of half a tures that they vere cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound dozen of them eggs? Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable

"Not to eat, you understand," says Van: "but as rarities, as curiosities." Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable long out of college, and pretty straight. ground." laced. But he had some fun in him. Compound is made from roots and "If I might suggest," he says, "I herbs, without drugs, and is wholethink one of the hens themselves would be more acceptable and profit-The reason why Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound is so successful is because it contains inable. Among our summer people there is-a great demand for 'antiques.' Now one of those hens-" gredients which act directly upon

That tickled Van. He told Hartley afterwards that the minister was a trump. He donated liberal-not with eggs nor poultry neither-and promsex should not lose sight of these | ised that he and Hartley would attend the sale.

And they did. And so did Eureka and me. The lawn fete was held in the meeting house front yard, and 'twas all rigged up fine with flags and | a grab bag and a cake table and a on the way home. fancy goods table, and I don't know what all. All the summer folks was spoke up. there, and most of the town women things would have been highway rob the new minister lose his job. You she rays. That's no news. You've bery if it hadn't been a church that been trying to bein him for ever so was charging 'em.

What do you think of that? There wa'n't anything slow or dull about that Sparrow girl-not enough to fret -the foolishest things. Van bought three pair of embroldered suspenders and a crocheted tidy and a pin cushfresh that the paint come off on your hands when you touched it. And twa'n't any quiet colored paint neithon Ozone island was a good deal like er. And when you rubbed off one layer there was another underneath. Lu-And yet it seemed to me that there retta Daniels' daughter had painted was little changes. For instance, take t; she was taking lessons and her the matter of reading. When we first ma said that she'd painted that pillow arrived 'twas nothing but that Natural over much as a dozen times, because Life book; the Heavenly Twins was the colors wa'n't "blending right" or at it continuous, and such a thing as a the subject didn't suit her. 'Twas so newspaper or maguzine was what stiff with paint on top that 'twould Van Brunt called an "abomination." have been like ramming your head

I couldn't get a paper even to kindle into fence to lay on it. We stayed till most everything was sold but a log cabin hed guill that the Christian paupers at the poorpiece most of the time, with a layer house had made. Nobody seemed to of dust on it, and Scudder fetched want that, although they was gay the Boston and New York newspapers every day. And megazines and books rags enough in it to build a rainbow. The minister's wife said she was so orry. The poor things at the almsouse had worked so hard.

I remember one day Hartley-set reading the New York Evening Post, "You wait a minute," says Van. "I'll that part of it he called the "financial get rid of it.4 By Jove! Van," he says. "Consoli-

He took out his vest pocket memorandum book and tore about ten pages dated Tea Lead is up three points from into fittle squares. Then he made numbers on these squares with a peneti. Half of these ne put into his hat, and, the next I knew, he was standing on a chair, waving the bedquilt with one hand and the hat with t'other.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he shouts. "Here is positively the last chance to secure this magnificent—er—lambrykin, made by the deserving poor to cover the reless rich. Competition has been so strong that no one person has been able to buy it. The only solution would be a syndicate, and the almshouse is opposed to trusts. Therefore I am authorized to' -then he bent down and whispered: "Mr. Morton, kindly give me whatever small change you have left."

The minister looked puzzled, but he handed up a half dollar. Van Brunt reaches into the hat and takes out one of the folded slips of paper.

"Here you are sir," says he. "Treasure that as you would your life. Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, this is a farm news I had to hear. The garden raffle. The minister starts it. Tickets are anything you please, provided it's "What," says he, when the reading enough. Come early and avoid the rush."

There was a kind of gasp from all the church people. The members of that from the present outlook the sewing circle looked at each other with the most horrified kind of faces. matter vine and three gucumber plants The parson, Mr. Morton, run forward. "Just a minute, Mr. Van Brunt, if you please," he sings out.

But Van waved him away. The summer folks come after them tickets like a whirlwind, laughing and shouting and passing up dollar bills. 'Twa'n't hardly any time afore the hat was empty and the Twin's jacket pocket was full of money. Then he fills up the hat with more pieces of paper. "These are duplicates of the numbefs sold," says he. "The drawing

will now take place. Here, Bill!" He grabs a little shaver by the coat cellar and lifts him up to the chair. Old lady Patterson, the deacon's wife, set up a scream.

"Stop!" she yells. "My child shall

"It takes but a moment, madam," says Vap, waving to her, calm and casy, "Now, Julius Caesar, please take one of those numbers from the hat."



"Here Is Positively the Last Chance to Secure This Magnificent-er-er -er-Lambrykin."

The boy reddened up and grinned and looked foolish, but he stuck a freckled paw in and took out a piece of paper.

'Number 14," shouts Van Brunt "Number 14 secures the-the tapes Who's the lucky one?"

Everybody unfolded their papers. but there didn't seem to be any 14 Hartley had three, but he wa'n't in it. "Number 14," Van calls. "Who is 14? Mr. Morton, you began this. Where is your ticket?"

The minister looked dreadfully troubled. "Really," he stammered, " -I-it was a mistake. I-" "Here's yours, Mr. Morton," says a

The minister was a young feller, no. little girl. "You dropped it on the

The parson looked pretty sick. H reached for it, but Van got it first. "Number 14 it is," he says. "Ou esteemed friend, Rev. Mr. Morton, se

cures the prize. That's as it should be. Three cheers for Mr. Morton!" The summer folks give the cheers but the church folks looked pretty av erage wild, I thought. I forgot how much was in Var

Brunt's pocket. That bedquilt fetched in enough money to pretty nigh buy the poorhouse itself. The Twins felt good. They figgered that they'd made a hit at that "laws

fete." "Great success, my raffic idea tissue paper and bunting. There was a wasn't it, skipper," says Van Brunt I didn't answer right off. Eureka

"Well," she says, "It sold the hed and girls, and the prices charged for quilt, but I wouldn't wonder if it made see, 'twas gambling, and that church is dreadful down on gambling. Mrs The Heavenlies bought and bought Patterson told me that she should and bought. They bought everything have her husband call a parish meet ing right off. I guess you won't b invited to no more sales this year."

And we wa'n't. Poor Morton has ion, and Martin got a worsted afghan and a hand painted soft pillow, so it heavy on the Twins. He had to preach a sermon giving gambling fits and all around town 'twas nothing by how dissipated and wicked the Heav enlies was. We wa'h't fit for decen folks to associate with.

But I ain't been able to learn, ever yet, that the bedquilt money was re

turned to the ticket buyers. Van got a long letter from Agnes Page a little later, saying that she had heard of him as a "disturbing influence" and that she was shocked and grieved. He thought 'twas a great business. He didn't want nobody else Campton. to be milking his own pet cows.

Me and Eureka was glad, too, in & way. We judged that Van's being in disgrace with his girl would help Hartley's side along. And in a few days another idea begun to develop that, when I found it out, seemed to me likely to help him more.

Eureka told me that she'd seen a dress pattern at the church sale that she wanted awful. I asked her why she didn't buy it and she said couldn't afford it. Hartley heard her say it and he loafed out into the kitchen and begun to ask questions, pumping her, sort of quiet, to find out what | WEST BOUND she done with her maney. After she'd

gone home he says to me: "Skipper, that girl is robbing herself to support that old loafer, her fa- Lv Jackson ther.'

"That's right," says I. "It's my pinion that she ain't never told him that she ain't getting that extry two dollars a week. I guess she pays every cent into the house. "It's a shame!" says he. "Can't we make the old vagabond earn his own

living?" "When you do," I says, "I'll believe that black's the bloads shade of white. Making Washy Sparrow work would be as big a miracle as the loaves and fishes."

He thought a spell. "Well, I mean to look into the matter," he says, "Sol, I want you to find out who owns that apology for a house they live it. Don't ask Eureka. We must keep it a secret from her or she'll interfere. And we may as well not tell Van, either. He's so careless that he might give it

"All right," says I. "I'll ask Scudder. He knows 'most all of everybody's business and Huldy Ann knows the rest.'

So when Nate come, after breakfast next morning, I asked him. "What do you want to know for?

says he, suspicious as usual. "Oh, nothing. Just curious, that's "They ain't going to move out, are they?" He seemed mighty interested. "No, no!" says I. "Where'd they

Washington to visit the president or the diplomatic corpse?" "Well," he says, "you needn't get mad. I didn't know but they might be coming over here. I don't mind tell ing you. Huldy Ann, my wife, owns the place, if you want to know,"

move to? Think they're going to

I was surprised. He was a regular sand-flea for bobbing up where you didn't expect to him.

"She does?" says I. "Say, Nate, for the land sakes how much more of this country belongs to you and Huldy? And how much did you pay for it?"

He went on with a long rigmarole about a mortgage and a second mortgage and "foreclosing to protect himself," and so on. All I see in it was more proofs that lambs fooling with Nate Scudder was likely to lose, not only wool, but hoofs, hide and tallow.

When I told Hartley he seemed real pleased.

"That makes it easy," he says. "Scudder will accommodate me by doing a little favor, won't he?"
"Sure thing!" says I, sarcastic.

"Ain't he been accommodating you ever since you struck town?" "Yes," he says, "he has. Scudder is

a generous chap." And he meant it, too! Why the good Lord lets such simple innecents as him and his chum run around loose fer it-but there! No doubt he has his reasons. And what would become of the summer hotels without that kind?

Him and Nate was pretty thick for the next few days. Something was up, though as yet I wa'n't in the secret. Hartley made one or two trips to the village and he took neither me nor Van with him. He asked me where the doctor lived and a lot more questions

[Continued Next Week.]

. & E. RAILWAY

WINTER TIME TABLE. EFFECTIVE NOV. 18, 1906

1	WY OR DOWN		0.1	NO. 3
	VEST BOUND.		aily	Daily
٦	Ex	14		
듸			M	LU
1	v Jackson		10	2 20
1	O. & K Junction		15	2 25
H	Elkatawa	6	20	2 30
	Athol		40	2 52
	Tallega		49	3 00
1	St. He'ens		59	3 11
	Beattyville Junct	7	07	3 20
4	Torrent	7	30	3 41
	Campton Junet	7	48	3 57
	Dundee		52	4 03
1	Filson		03	4 14
d	Stanton		15	4 26
n	Clay City		25	4 35
	L & E Junet		00	5 07
	Winchester		12	5 20
9	Ar Lexington		55	6 05
٥.			****	0.00
-	The state of the s		_	-
a.	DACT DOLLAR		No 2	
7.,	EAST BOUND.	1	Daily	No 4 Daily
		$\mathbf{E}_{\mathbf{X}}$	Daily Sun	Daily
e		Ex	Sun M	Daily
i e u	Ly Lexington	Ex P	Sun M 25	Daily AM 7 35
euh	Ly Lexington Winchester	Ex P S	Sun M 25 10	Daily 7 35 8 13
i e u h i	Lv Lexington Winchester L & E Junet	Exp Sa a	Sun Sun 25 10 25	Daily AM 7 35
i e u h i d	Lv Lexington Winchester L & E Junet Clay City	Ex P 2 8 8 4	Daily Sun M 25 10 25 00	Daily 7 35 8 13
le uh . d .	Lv Lexington Winchester L & E Junet Clay City Stanton	Ex P 2 3 3 4 4	Daily Sun 25 10 25 00 10	Daily 7 35 8 13 8 26 9 02 9 10
i e u h i d	Lv Lexington Winchester L & E Junet Clay City Stanton Filson	Ex P 2 3 3 4 4 4	Daily Sun 25 10 25 00 10 26	Daily 7 35 8 13 8 26 9 02
le uh . d .	Lv Lexington Winchester L & E Junet Clay City Stanton Filson Dundee	Ex P 2 3 3 4 4	Daily Sun 25 10 25 00 10	Daily 7 35 8 13 8 26 9 02 9 10
i e u h s d t e d y	Lv Lexington Winchester L & E Junet Clay City Stanton Filson Dundee Campton Junet	Exp 2884444	Daily Sun 25 10 25 00 10 26	Daily 7 35 8 13 8 26 9 02 9 10 9 22
i e u h s d t e d y y	Lv Lexington Winchester L & E Junet Clay City Stanton Filson Dundee Campton Junet Torrent	Exp 2334444444	Daily Sun 25 10 25 00 10 26 37	Daily 7 35 8 13 8 26 9 02 9 10 9 22 9 31
i e u h s d s e d y y o	Lv Lexington Winchester L & E Junet Clay City Stanton Filson Dundee Campton Junet Torrent Beattyville Junet	Exp 2334444444	Daily Sun M 25 10 -25 00 10 26 31 40 57	Daily 7 35 8 13 8 26 9 02 9 10 9 22 9 34 9 38 9 56
le u h s. d b e d y y o	Lv Lexington Winchester L & E Junct Clay City Stanton Filson Dundee Campton Junet Torrent Beattyville Junet St Helens	Exp 2884444445	Daily Sun M 25 10 -25 00 10 26 37 40	Daily 7 85 8 13 8 26 9 02 9 10 9 29 9 38 9 56 10 17
i eu had be day o	Lv Lexington Winchester L & E Junct Clay City Stanton Filson Dundee Campton Junet Torrent Beattyville Junet St Helens Tallega	Exp 28344444455	Daily Sun 25 10 25 00 10 26 37 40 57 18	Daily 7 35 8 13 8 26 9 02 9 10 9 22 9 38 9 56 10 17 10 25
leuhadae dyyonat	Lv Lexington Winchester L & E Junet Clay City Stanton Filson Dundee Campton Junet Torrent Beattyville Junet St Helens Tallega Athol	Exp 988444444555	Daily Sun 25 10 25 00 10 26 37 40 57 18 26 37	Daily 7 85 8 13 8 26 9 02 9 10 9 29 9 38 9 56 10 17 10 25 10 85
i eu had be day o	Lv Lexington Winchester L & E Junet Clay City Stanton Filson Dundee Campton Junet Torrent Beattyville Junet St Helens Tallega Athol Elkatawa	Exp 9884444445555	Daily Sun M 25 10 - 25 00 10 26 37 40 57 18 26 37 45	Daily 7 35 8 13 8 26 9 02 9 10 9 22 9 34 9 38 9 56 10 17 10 25 10 35 10 43
i eu had be dyyoutt	Lv Lexington Winchester L & E Junet Clay City Stanton Filson Dundee Campton Junet Torrent Beattyville Junet St Helens Tallega Athol Elkatawa O & K Junet	Exp 28344444455556	Daily Sun 25 10 25 00 10 26 37 40 57 18 26 37 45 06	Daily 7 35 8 13 8 26 9 02 9 10 9 22 9 34 9 38 9 56 10 17 10 25 10 35 10 43 11 10
leuhadae dyyonat	Lv Lexington Winchester L & E Junet Clay City Stanton Filson Dundee Campton Junet Torrent Beattyville Junet St Helens Tallega Athol	Exp 288444444555566	Daily Sun M 25 10 - 25 00 10 26 37 40 57 18 26 37 45	Daily 7 85 8 13 8 26 9 02 9 10 9 29 9 38 9 56 10 17 10 25 10 85 10 43 11 10

CONNECTIONS. L & E JUNCTION-Trains Nos.

1 and 3 will make connections with C & O Ry for Mt Sterling, CAMPTON JUNCTION - All joke and didn't seem to care much. trains connect with Mountain Cen-Nate Studder was glad of the whole tral Railway for Pine Ridge and

BEATTYVILLE JUNCTION --Trains Nos 2 and 4 connect with L & A Ry for passengers to and from Beattyville.

O & K JUNCTION -Trams No. 3 and 4 with the Ohio & Kentucky for local stations on O & K Ry. CHAS. SCOTT, G. P. A.

twas two dollars and a half and she O. & K. RAILWAY

EFFECTIVE NOV. 19, 1906, Daily Ex Sun 18T CLASS 2D CLASS A. M. 11 05 3 00 O & K Junction 11 15 3 10 Frozen 11 31 3 33 Vancleve 11 38 3 42 Wilhurst 11 44 3 59 Hampton 11 51 4 05 Rose Fork 12 05 4 30 Lee City 12 13 4 45 Helechawa 12 19 4 55 Ar Cannel City 12 35 5 90

ELOR DOTTE	12 00	0 20
EAST BOUND	Daily 1	Ex Sun
2n	ULASS 1	AT CLASS
	A. M.	P. M.
Ly Cannel City	7 10	1 00
Helechawa	7 33	1 17
Lee City	7 45	1 23
Rose Fork	8 00	1 32
Hampton	8 24	1 44
Wilhurst	8 37	1 51
Vancleve	8 47	1 57
Frozen	8 56	2 04
O& K Junction	9 25	2 25
Ar Jackson	9 30	2 30
Sunday passenger	r train	leaves
Cannel City at 1 00	p m, rei	urning
leaves Jackson at 4	00 p. m.	
M. L. CONLE	Y Gen	Mor

Mountain Central

District Name			3000
Depart		1	rrive
5 45 a m	Campton		o a n
1:45 p m	Campton		0 pn
Arrive		1	epar
8 00 a m	Campton Jun	10 0	5 a n
4 00 pm	Campton Jun	4 4	Opn
Make co	nnection with	all	L &
E passeng	er trains.		10.1